

Next Spring—

With over 200,000 orders for Ford Cars and Trucks already placed for delivery during the next few months, we are facing a record-breaking spring demand.

Each successive month this winter has witnessed a growth in sales far surpassing that of any previous winter season. This increase will be even greater during the spring months, always the heaviest buying period.

These facts suggest that you place your order early to avoid disappointment in delivery at the time desired.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

It is not necessary to pay cash for your car in order to have your name placed on the preferred delivery list. You can make a small payment down, or you can buy, if you wish, under the convenient terms of the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan.

See the Nearest Authorized Ford Dealer

Monuments

I have established a Monument Store in Marlinton. My stock will not arrive before the first of March, but I am now taking orders for work to be delivered in the Spring. Vermont, Georgia and Pocahontas marble used. Long experience as a practical mechanic enables me to give a superior grade of work.

C. A. BISHOP

MARLINTON, W. VA.

See T. W. HOGSETT, Local Representative.

Notice to Contractors

Sealed bids will be received up to noon on the 20th day of February, 1924, for the erection of a hotel building to be built in Marlinton, W. Va., by the Marlinton Hotel Company.

Plans and specifications can be had at the office of the Marlinton Hotel Company. This Company reserves the right to reject any or all bids. THE MARLINTON HOTEL CO. Inc. By C. C. Clendenen, Secy.

Farm For Sale

The John F. Wanless farm on Thorny Creek is for sale. This is a large farm particularly good for grass. For particulars and price apply to George N. Linger, Weston, W. Va.

Public Sale of Live Stock

ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16 beginning at 1 o'clock I will offer for sale at Fred Gwinn's place on Drennin Ridge, to the highest bidder the following property:

- 1 red cow—7 years old to be fresh April 2nd.
 - 1 black cow—8 years old giving milk.
 - 1 2 year old, fine milker.
 - 2 2 year old heifers to be fresh.
 - 2 calves, 1 steer, 1 heifer, 1 fine cow, 1 bay mare, good worker.
 - 2 good hay stacks at the Alvy Sharp place.
- Terms of Sale: six months time on stock, three months time with note and two good endorsers.

Warwick Ratliff, Marlinton, W. Va.

For Sale

1 black mare, 7 years, wt. 1250. 1 one horse turn plow, 1 five plow cultivator, 1 single shovel plow, 1 set new dray harness, 1 one horse wagon. At my place in the town of Marlinton. W. M. Waugh, Drayman.

RED FOXES WANTED—I want to buy a pair of red foxes a male and female. W. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va.

FOR SALE—Fine Barred Rock Cockerals bred from pen that I headed with cockerel direct from Thompson, for which I paid \$15.00 special sale. Prices \$5.00 and \$3.00. Mrs. L. P. McLaughlin—Hillsboro, W. Va.

For Sale

1 Fordson tractor
1 Ford ton truck
1 Ford touring car
All in shape. New tires on truck.
Apply to C. G. Malcomb, Huntersville, W. Va.

For Sale

42 acres of land, one mile above Cloverlick, on the west of the railroad. Four room house, barn, cellar and other outbuildings. 25 or more acres cleared; two orchards; lots of tie and farm timber, telephone poles, etc. Apply to A. R. Hamrick, Cloverlick, W. Va.

For Sale

51 acres of land, 3 miles from Marlinton, good house, barn and other buildings, plenty water; 2 good orchards; mostly improved and in good state of cultivation. For particulars apply to Mrs. Mary M. Sharp, Huntersville, W. Va.

For Sale

12 acres of land at Millpoint, all good land, level and under good fence; our room house. Will offer for sale at the Huffman auction sale on Saturday, February 16. Eustace Brindie, Buckeye, W. Va.

NOTICE

On account of my health I have sold my Grocery store to Mr. Wise Herold, and I wish to express my appreciation to the town and county folks for the liberal amount of business they extended to me, and hope they will extend same to Mr. Herold. I will leave my books in Mr. Herold's store for a short time, and those having outstanding accounts will please come in and Mr. Robertson will take care of them. J. L. SHEETS.

MINKS

Want to buy a pair of live minks male and female, dark ones preferred. Not accepted if leg is badly crushed, a clean cut or bruise is O. K. Wm. O. Ruckman, Millpoint, W. Va.

MARGARET LYNN LEWIS 1693-1775

THE DIARY OF THE WIFE OF COL. JOHN LEWIS, THE FOUNDER OF AUGUSTA COUNTY

Published in 1869 in the Magazine, "The Land We Love," at Charlotte, North Carolina.

This will be published in three parts in this newspaper. So far as known, this document has not heretofore been found by any of the historians who are the authors of the current books on Augusta County or the Lewis family.

The Common-Place Book of me Margaret Lewis, nee Lynn, of Loch Lynn, Scotland, being a nest for my soul's repose in the troublous time which hath befallen.

Here nothing burthening myself with style or date, I can retreat when toil and turmoil of the day be past, speaking as into a faithful ear some of my woman's sorrow. So I shall not add to their weight who have, Heaven knows, enough of woe to bear for themselves.

Hidling farewell to the bonny lock and knews of Lynn, though along with the gallant Huguenot I had taken for my husband, ceased surely a woman's grief to my heart, nay, something like a child's I might say. It was not for the bands of retainers, the powerful clans and castle splendor I had grown up withal surrounded, but I almost cried aloud for my mother, for good Dame Darley, our blessed English tutress, and for old Elliott, my nurse. I thought the first night I came to my husband's mother's and was set up as a lady to receive court, I should blubber like a great child. This with remembrance that at that very hour my mother was taking her cup of comfort, as she called her tea, and that the children were with her in their places, and that my chair, the one that was my sainted father's, sat empty.

I stood as long as endurance was good, then stole away to a more retired apartment. There they sought and after a time found me, sleeping in a great chair, like an overgrown baby.

I did not like to give cause of offense, but I thought then, as I have often since, of the significance of the blessed Apostles sleeping for sorrow and heaviness of heart as the Master's time drew nigh.

Well, so be it.—Loch Lynn and its rock-crowned summits and purple heather are all past by now, like as to when one goes on a journey and bareth away in memory only, impression of the landscape.

The crags to be sure had in them nothing loving, out that they grew by home, and for the blue heather, the eyes of my two boys, Andrew and William and their sweet sister, Alice, glad me more than acres of such. Poor Thomas, my oldest born, he hath a defect in his sight, but for all this he looks into his mother's heart deep down enough, leaving there, which is better than the shade of blue heather—sunshine. He is a noble lad.

We have worse trouble come upon us now, I say, than that of a young wench leaving her mother's fireside. My poor John is sorely labored in soul with the grievous malice of this same Lord of Clonmthgairn.

The contentious noble hath said to the good Dean of Ulster, a few nights ago, how that my husband's leasehold on the estates of Clonmthgairn and Dundery should be revoked at next assizes, or (he took a vile oath), blood should be split between the contending parties.

My husband has amassed much means, but he does not choose, (as what man of spirit would!) to be driven to and fro in the matter of his rightful possessions.

So I play with my children, and for John I have words cheery and careless-like, but faithful Nora, she sees it is not in my heart. She essays compassionate sentences and looks for me, and I tell her many troubles, yet it is a foe to order and household authority when the head thereof use to confiding greatly in even the best of servants. Now, when a woman's tongue must not much wag, some corresponding member must take its place, here, then, comes this book of mine which at one time served John Lewis for his tenantry accounts.

In this Year of Grace 1730, what strange things are come to pass! Blessed Christ pardon the souls of such wicked-minded men as on the last Lord's Day would so rush to arms and blood, making havoc and murder and sacrifice to evil passions.

I can no more, now take this my book, my companion, to the nook of a private withdrawing room in Clonmell Castle. Drawing there the crimson dark curtains, shutting out the world and my noisy little ones, I liked that retirement place where I could read, or pray, or talk to myself in writing. My home lies in ashes, but, far worse, ashes lie on my heart too.

My best beloved John is a fugitive from the Law, and for me I cannot say why my poor sight was not blasted by what it four days since beheld. My husband had his family around him as was the custom when we go not to evening service, (indeed our Chaplain was at home sick in bed), expounding for the soul's health of children and servants, texts of Holy Scripture.

Edward, poor man! begged the reading should go on in the round tower room where he lay, months he had been ailing, yet being some what on the mend, then, he had come with his wife and infants to his brother's house.

Strange to say, as the passage, "are you come out as against a thief with swords and staves?" passed John's lip's a rude shouting was heard without.

On looking to the direction of the noise, we perceived the drunken Lord of Clonmthgairn leading an armed force of ruffian clans. This to eject John Lewis from his rightful domains. The anxious heart could not bear the sight of his neighbor's prosperity.

Dark was the shadow upon Clonmell that evening. My husband armed himself like a man; rallied our

domestics around him, and even poor puny Edward girt on his arms speedily. Poor soul! he had as well not—may be better. For he was the first victim of their ferocious raid. Ere he had come three steps one of the marauders cried out "Where will that white pigeon be going?" Then shot him through the head. He fell stark dead.

Then John looked like an enraged tiger, surely. He wielded right and left, when lo! first the obnoxious noble, then his favorite steward were dispatched.—Finally our men succeeded in driving off the interlopers, but some of our best were slain. More than this, a very great sorrow which we had not looked for, greeted us as the invaders dispersed, in the stair and trampled body of poor little Eubank, Edward's eldest son. He was only eight years old. How he came among them we could not tell.—His green tunic was stained with blood and tramping feet, and his white, marble face looked like a sculptured cherub; but on these nor the portly, prostrate form of his father must we to anger our eyes. Clonmell was a man of power and weight, and we must hurry away from the scene of that brief, bloody battle.

I and my little ones abide here, (Dunraven,) with good friends, while he, my best beloved of all, roameth I don't know where.—Servants have buried our dead long before this time, while I sit weeping tears from different fountains. Of bitterest affliction for John, dear man!—of gloom enough for Edward's double bereft widow, and the two kin couples, darkening the memory of our once house and home; tears of thankfulness that he, my life was spared,—and may sweet Christ forgive me! tears of joy that the persecutor, the mover of this Devil's work, fell in his evil-undertaking.

Last night about sun-setting, Lady Clara sang to her kitar a low, sweet song,—this upon the south balcony. My soul seemed to leave the body as I listened, as though something strange should come to pass to me or mine.

By and by she sudden stopped, and I recall myself. A white kerchief waved slowly against the dusky park wood. News from my husband! this was to be his signal.

Lady Clara and I started off in the direction whence the sign had come, but John, poor soul! had hidden himself then, lest the sounds he heard might be other than friendly steps. I thought presently to speak aloud, though my heart was up in my mouth, so he knew the voice and came to the edge of the wood again. We three sat talking as long as we dared, and now I know my destiny and he is gone. He has been to Portugal, so he tells, but likes it not much for living. The Virginia wilds hold out a safe asylum for our oppressed house, and thither we sail at once. The changed life we lead there is nothing to think of: safety from injustice, if we shall find it, covers all the ground.

So far seeing the way clear, the prospect darkens now with doubt and fear lest some unknown evil overtake and intercept or prevent our voyage.

Coshocton county, Ohio, has done nearly as much in the way of pasture improvement as any other county in Ohio if not fully as much.—At a recent farmers' institute held in the county Mr. B. O. Stingel spoke on "Pasture Improvement." He stated that during a three-year period he had improved 23 acres of impoverished pasture land on his farm by the application of one ton of ground limestone and 250 pounds acid phosphate per acre and by sowing the following pasture grass mixture: five pounds each of orchard grass, redtop and timothy and three pounds each of red and white clover. Last season he pastured one and a third head of cattle per acre on this plot whereas the average grazing capacity of pasture land in Ohio is four acres for one animal. Mr. Stingel said that in order to maintain the sod livestock must be kept off the land during the winter. I have visited Mr. Stingel's farm and I have seen some of the pastures he has improved—and our readers can depend on what he says.—W. D. Zinn, in National Stockman.

LOBELIA

The Spies Run Lumber Company is starting to log on Bruffays Creek. I. N. Clutter has taken a big job there and expects to start to work soon.

N. A. Bruffay has moved to town. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Town send, January 24, a son.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. L. Vaughan, January 24, a sixth daughter. They now have five sons and six daughters.

Lloyd Vaughan is improving fast after being ill many months. Bill Bruffay has undertaken a tie job on Bruffays Creek.

The school at Lobelia is progressing nicely. We have a lot of sickness in our community.

THORNWOOD

Roscoe Houchin, who is railroad near Ronceverte, is spending a few days with his family here.

Andy Waybright, who has been sick was able to be in town Saturday. J. C. Wiley has been sick for a few days.

We were sorry to hear of the death of J. O. Beard.

Cletus Johnston was a business visitor in town Wednesday. Robert Starks is sawing for Mack Hickman at Durbin.

Our school is progressing nicely with Hunter Arbogast and Robert Eades, teachers.

Ira Bennett has moved to Thornwood. We have a very interesting Sunday School.

Honor Roll of Buck Run school 5th month, Ila B. East, teacher.—Clinton Cochran, Floyd Davis, Clenston Kirk, Edith, Ethel and Lucille Han-

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THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL CHEMICAL CO.

Alexandria, Va.

FREIGHT RATES

Dunmore, W. Va., Feb. 1, 1924.

Editor Times:—

In last week's issue of your valuable paper one of Pocahontas county's prosperous merchants registered a kick on what he terms excessive freight rates. Will you be so good as to give me a little space to set Mr. Sharp and the readers of his article right? I am writing this partly as a representative of the railroad company and partly as one who receives quite a bit of freight in a year's time and who pays the full rate the same as any other person. Let us get this ill feeling that a good many of us have toward the railroad company out of our system long enough to study this matter of freight rates thoroughly and then judge whether or not they are excessive.

Last fall I built a chicken house and bought my lumber at Raywood. The cost to have it hauled to my house, a distance of one mile, by truck, was \$3.00. The cost would have been much less by freight, but I would have had to pay a couple of dollars to have it hauled from the railroad, so I did not kick on what at first appeared to be an excessive charge.

I can get one hundred pounds of chicken feed from Marlinton delivered at Stillington for fifty cents. For the same fifty cents I can get three hundred pounds delivered from the same place. From an economical point of view it is cheaper for me to buy feed in three hundred pound lots because the freight rate is then only thirteen cents a hundred pounds from Marlinton, a twenty mile haul. Then I have the choice of two ways of getting the feed from the depot to my house. I can tote it up on my back or pay fifty cents to have it hauled around the road about three hundred yards. And I'll tell the world that it's some job lugging a hundred pound sack of feed up a forty-five degree incline with my three hundred pounds avordupoise. I did it once and now when I think how I puffed and blowed over the job I would much rather pay fifty cents to have it hauled. And when I think paying fifty cents to have one hundred pounds hauled three hundred yards, I am not going to kick on having to pay the same amounts to have three hundred pounds hauled twenty miles by rail.

There are before me two of the freight bills to which Mr. Sharp refers. I challenge his statement of paying \$2.23 freight on a four hundred pound stove from Ronceverte to Stillington. The actual weight was 450 pounds and the actual amount of freight was \$1.95. Mr. Sharp has invited inspection of his freight bill which he has on file. I earnestly urge the acceptance of this invitation by any one who lives within reasonable distance of his store. I also ask you to have him produce the bill of seventy-three cents for one hundred pounds of hardware he claims to have received from Ronceverte last month. The only hardware bill he received last month from Ronceverte covered one crate range, one high chest and one box hardware, weight 510 pounds, freight \$2.24. The rate on this shipment was forty-four cents a hundred pounds. If the box of hardware weighed 100 pounds, he paid forty-four cents freight on it instead of seventy-three cents as he claims. In his mention of the Hinton grocery bill Mr. Sharp gives the correct figures, but neglects to mention that 120 pounds of this was fireworks which are classed along with dynamite, giant powder and other dangerous high explosives. These take double first-class rates. Do any of your readers think that such dangerous articles should take as low a

rate as lard, for instance, which was shipped on the same bill and takes a rate of 41 cents a hundred pounds from Hinton? The writer ought to have been fair with the railroad company and explained that the shipment of 190 pounds on which he paid freight charges of \$2.05 was a very dangerous one containing high explosives, and that the rate of a little over a cent a pound was not so high after all. To have been fair again he should have mentioned the bill of groceries received from Ronceverte last month weighing 440 pounds with freight charges of \$1.54. Was this hauled over to Frost from the depot a distance of eleven miles for a greater or less amount than the 35 cents he paid on each one hundred pounds from Ronceverte? Stillington is 80 miles from Ronceverte (not 70 miles as he says.)

A few days ago one of our good farmer friends received from Staunton, Va., 2840 pounds of flour and feed. On this he paid freight amounting to 9.11 or 23 cents per hundred. Is that an excessive charge for hauling freight 180 miles?

The first time I came to Pocahontas county was in 1897, three years before the railroad was built. I came with a man who was hauling fertilizer and he got sixty cents a hundred for hauling this commodity from Ronceverte to Hillsboro—\$12.00 a ton for a 45 mile haul. In these days of so called high freight rates the same quantity of fertilizer is hauled from Ronceverte to Seebart, the nearest railroad point to Hillsboro, for \$2.71 in small quantities. If a consignor gets as much as a car load the rate per ton is \$2.25.

Now I am coming back to Mr. Sharp's above and the advertisement he speaks of in your issue of January 3rd. If he had gotten a car load of stoves from Ronceverte instead of a single stove, the rate would have been 25 cents a hundred pounds instead of 44 cents. Would one dollar be an excessive freight rate for hauling a four hundred pound stove eighty miles? The rates on stoves in car load lots is 14 cents per hundred pounds for distances from 510 to 540 miles, making the freight on a 400 pound stove \$1.76, exactly the charge mentioned in the advertisement. The railroad company did not make a single misstatement in that advertisement. Freight tariffs are on file and open to public inspection in every railroad freight office in the United States.

The railroads court public inspection and study of these tariffs. They want the public to better understand their dealings with each other and for this reason they have instituted a campaign of instruction by advertising in various newspapers along the line of the road and by sending circulars to the larger shippers. The statements they make in these advertisements and circulars must be absolutely correct. They cannot garble words nor juggle figures.

The railroads are playing fair with the people. The people ought to play fair toward the railroads. R. A. KRAMER.

Honor roll for Grassy Ridge school 5th month. Vada Gum, teacher.—Minnie Burner, Vera Burner, Virginia Burner, Donald Burner, Forest Burner, Olive Morris, Nellie Morris, Myrtle Middleton, Hattie Middleton, Hunter Middleton and Forest Middleton.

Honor roll for Rimmel school 5th month. Ida G. Fogus, teacher.—Glenn Dean, Alonzo Dean, Randall Rider, Arnold Rider, Mayre Rimmel, Marjorie Rider, Marie Dean, Verlis Alderman, Lillie Alderman, George Rimmel.

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